

Breakfast In Bed

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Summary: Jack hummed along to the song that played from a stereo he'd had installed into a crevice beneath a cabinet. He pushed about the eggs that he was frying with a little smile, glancing over at the table where a bouquet of roses sat idly, a mix of red and white.

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Jack hummed along to the song that played from a stereo he'd had installed into a crevice beneath a cabinet. He pushed about the eggs that he was frying with a little smile, glancing over at the table where a bouquet of roses sat idly, a mix of red and white. He then regarded both the pale plate and wooden tray next to his arm upon the counter, before looking to whatever else he had set up—including a glass in which rich orange juice sloshed about with the vibrations of the music and a small dark chocolate bar.

At one moment in the tune, he twirled the spatula with a little trill as he himself spun in a circle. A blush crossed his face at his actions and he peeked around to make sure no one had seen him, though he and his boyfriend were the only ones who lived in the apartment. Hiccup was still bundled up in bed, Jack knew, hair tousled and freckles more observable than usual on his whitened face. The picture was clear in his mind as Jack sighed happily, stretching a hand up to run fingers through his own mussed, snowy locks.

A tattered shirt of a pastel blue was all he wore, save for a pair of grey boxers and socks the same shade of blue. He gathered the eggs onto the spatula and slid them on top of the plate, grabbed the toast from the toaster and put it there as well, then finally set the plate on the serving tray. With a hum, Jack quickly flicked everything he'd used off—including, unfortunately, the stereo. After buttering the toast hastily and laying the roses on the very end of the tray, he

whirled in a circle to face the hall to the bedroom.

One bouncy step at a time, he made his way there. Upon reaching the door, he gave a little knock of warning before pushing it open and coming inside. "Hiccup," Jack sung, sliding over in his pastel socks, although that backfired as his leg slammed directly into a box on his way to the bed. "Fuck!"

"Gmmway." Hiccup groaned, grabbing a pillow and throwing it behind him at the racket that had caused him to wake up. "Whatever excuse for food you have with you smells awful."

"Hey!" Jack cried in retort, holding his leg with one hand and the tray with the other as the pillow just-so-happened to hit him in the stomach. He staggered and hobbled closer, having to favor one leg. Upon perching on the edge of the bed, he placed the tray on the nightstand with an audible sigh. "I did the best I could, Hic. I even brought you these."

Jack tried for a smile and picked up the bouquet, leaning over and hugging Hiccup tightly. He dropped the roses before him and buried his face in the other's bare back, to which Hiccup opened his eyes blearily and rolled them. "I was only joking, you moron."

He squinted at the flowers and laughed a little, causing Jack to huff, upset. He poked Hiccup's tummy and frowned. "I woke up really early to get those."

"Wow, really? Can you go to sleep early too? Or is it natural for your species to be up past midnight?" Hiccup gave another roll of his eyes, though he was smiling, as he turned over and lifted a brow at Jack. "You're such a dork."

It was said with love. Jack could tell. His pale cheeks grew a flush of color and he gestured to the flowers, then the tray. "Are you hungry?"

Hiccup propped himself up on an elbow, leaning over and kissing Jack slowly, bringing a jolt of surprise from the other. Jack's blush fell a shade deeper as he kissed Hiccup back extremely delicately. "I'm hungry for you," Hiccup's green eyes were a bit dark, but it was slightly weak with him still giving off an aura of tiredness.

"Oh. Well." Jack gulped and grabbed the roses, holding them between them. "Where do you want these?"

A ripple of laughter spilled from Hiccup's lips and he took the bouquet from Jack's hand, twirling it and dropping it onto a box near the edge of the bed. "Can you please hand me the food that you ever-so-kindly made for me?"

Jack wanted to say something about the flowers, but held back, sitting up and taking the tray, Hiccup following as he pushed himself into a sitting position. Thankfully, the blankets pooled in his lap, for he was naked. The only reason Jack was even clothed was that he needed to be in order to get flowers—he then he had slipped out of his jeans to make breakfast.

"Here you are." Jack murmured with a smile as he handed the tray off to Hiccup. The other played with the fork for a moment before digging

it into the eggs, bringing the portion to his lips and eating it with a happy sigh.

"This is really delicious, Jack." He mumbled, closing his eyes and quickly going for another bite. Jack's smile grew wider as he snatched a piece of the toast and began to nibble at it, Hiccup smiling a bit and shrugging when he opened his eyes again.

"Thanks." Jack answered, eating the toast in his hand before lying down, stroking his fingertip down Hiccup's too-visible ribs. "I think I'll keep doing this for you. You're so tiny."

"No, I am not!" Hiccup growled, finishing the eggs and taking a determined sip of the orange juice. He finished the meal slowly, once in a while looking over at Jack who would smirk back. He snatched the chocolate, gave Jack the tray to put back on the nightstand, and lay next to the other. He matched Jack's smirk and waved the bar in the air between them.

"Of _course _I'll share with you." Jack murmured exaggeratedly, stealing the chocolate and pecking Hiccup on the nose. "And you're welcome."

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